

GOT GERMAN BOOTS

French Soldiers Made Requisitions on the Enemy.

Equipment of the Kaiser's Troops is Highly Prized by the Men Who Are Fighting the Battles of France.

Near Battle Front in France, Feb. 4.—A corporal, quite a young chap—he could not have been more than nineteen—crawled up to the officer and asked: "Pardon, lieutenant; several of the men most respectfully ask whether they might not have another pair of shoes. Most of ours are in a very bad condition."

It seemed a strange request in this place, and the lieutenant exclaimed: "Sapristi, Janzen, do the men think that I am carrying boots about in my knapsack? What, in heaven's name, do they mean?"

"Ah, lieutenant," quietly replied the corporal, "there are plenty of good boots over there," and he pointed over the trenches. Following the direction he indicated, we saw at a distance of about 200 to 300 feet in front of our trenches some fifty or sixty dead Germans.

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "I can't give them permission to leave the trenches, you know," he told the corporal, "but if they want more chances of risking their necks, well—and at that he turned his back to the men. The corporal understood.

A few minutes later one man got up slowly, carefully, and peeped over the trench, first with one eye, then with both, then with his whole head. I followed every movement with breathless interest. Now he takes his rifle, pushes it ahead of him over the trench and on all fours crawls to the top, over and down on the other side. He slings his rifle over his shoulder and, still on all fours and on his stomach, advances.

The Belgian soldier at that moment recalled the East to me. It reminded me of a morning in Java some years ago when I had watched a tiger crawling on his belly stalking his prey—a young calf.

Before he had gone half way three of his comrades, inspired by his brave example, followed him, all in the same careful manner. Before long a dozen men were in front. They reached the Germans, most of whom were lying face downward. Quickly they were turned over on their backs and their boots unstrapped.

Then, instead of returning with their booty, they sat down among the dead, proceeded to take their own shoes off and tried those of the Germans on. We could see shoes flying around in the air and hear a laugh and a joke. It was the most absurd, yet, considering the conditions, the surroundings, the most dramatic scene imaginable.

I think that few dead Germans were left with any boots, and when the men returned to the trenches the spare ones were exchanged for a cigarette, a pipe of tobacco, a lump of bread, or even a button.

And the lieutenant looked at his own hard, worn-out boots and sighed: "I wouldn't mind a bit to get a pair of those German boots myself. They are perfect." He called over one of his men and showed us. Between each layer of leather was a strip of rubber, and the seams were all covered with waterproof material as well. The leather was as soft as kid.

"It is wonderful how thoroughly Germany was prepared for war," the officer continued, "if one is to judge by the complete manner in which each soldier is fitted out. Every one has his own small tent, which he can use either alone or in connection with five others. Their pocket knives are a small outfit in themselves. They have a spoon, fork, knife, scissors, wire cutters and every possible utensil imaginable that may be useful in the field."

One's True Friends.—Three men are my friends—he that loves me, he that hates me and he that is indifferent to me. Who hates me, teaches me caution. Who is indifferent to me, teaches me self-reliance.—Panin.

Made Him Wild.—"What did your father say when the count asked him the amount of your dot?" "Pa replied in dashes."

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.



Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the right knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

GOOD SUGGESTION FOR EMMY

Some May Insist, However, That It Is Possible She Didn't Need the Exercise.

Emmy brought in an armful of wood for the fire. "My dear," said her husband, "you shouldn't do that."

She lifted the heavy case of berries to the table and sat down to look them over. "I'd help you if I wasn't waiting for Hates to come over and look at the new filly."

The grocer's boy deposited a dollar's worth of sugar on the floor and Emmy took it up and put it in the sugar bin on the lower pantry shelf.

"You really shouldn't," said her husband.

Finally she lugged the iron preserve kettle to the sink for the last time and went out for another puff of water.

"I hate to see you lift so, Emmy. My, how many glasses have you got? It's my favorite jam. I'll get you a case of cherries tomorrow."

Emmy went on getting up a hearty supper.

"Seems as if you didn't eat much," commented her husband. "Don't you want to walk down with me tonight while I finish that rubber with Stetson? The exercise will do you good."

—The Craftsman.

The Little Boston Boy.—"George," said the Beacon Hill teacher, "what is a hyphen?"

The little Boston boy settled his spectacles more firmly on his protruberant nose.

"A hyphen," he said, "is a horizontal line connecting a floating bit of false work with a substantial base. As in Kongo-American and Turco-Christian."

"Yes," said the teacher, "and you might add, Cheesest-Boston."

"Madam," said the little Boston boy, with much gravity, "I decline to make a frivolity of a serious subject."

Perhaps.—Church—I see the pastor of a church at Milford, Del., has been presented by his congregation with a corner.

Gotham—Did they think he couldn't blow his own horn otherwise?

A good business manager is the one who manages to let the other fellow do the work.

From Warsaw to Berlin is a distance of 338 miles.

EARN THEIR CROSSES

WRITER TELLS OF BRAVERY OF GERMAN FIELD COOKS.

Are Held Responsible for Feeding the Men in the Trenches, and Well and Nobly They Are Doing Their Duty.

"There isn't anything heroic about cooks," writes Herbert Corey to the New York Globe, "and when things go wrong one either apprehends a cook as chasing a waiter with a bread knife or givng way to tears." Yet the German army contains many a cook whose expansive apron is decorated with the iron cross. "And the iron cross," Mr. Corey reminds us, "is conferred for one thing only—for 100 per cent courage."

The writer tells an interesting tale.

"They've earned it," said the man who had seen them. "They are the bravest men in the Kaiser's four millions. I've seen generals salute greasy, paunchy, sour-looking army cooks."

"The cook's job is to feed the men of his company. Each German company is followed or preceded by a field kitchen on wheels. Sometimes the fires are kept going while the device trundles along. The cook stands on the footboards and thumps his bread. He is always the first man up in the morning and the last to sleep at night. The Teuton believes in plenty of food—of a sort. A well-fed soldier will fight. A hungry one may not.

"When the company gets into camp at night," said the man who knows, "the cook is there before it, swearing at his fire and the second cook, and turning out quantities of a depressing looking meal, which is, nevertheless, very good to eat."

"When that company goes into the trenches the cook stays behind. There is no place for a field kitchen in a four-foot trench. But these men in the trench must be fed. The Teuton insists that all soldiers must be fed—especially the men in a trench. The others may go hungry, but these must have tight belts. Upon their staying power may depend the safety of an army.

"So, as the company cannot go to the cook, the cook goes to the company. When meal hour comes he puts a yoke on his shoulders and a cook's cap on his head and, warning the second cook as to what will happen if he lets the fires go out, puts a bucketful of the meal stew on either end of the yoke and goes to his men. Maybe the trench is under fire. No matter. His men are in that trench and must be fed.

"Sometimes the second cook gets his step right here. Sometimes the apprentice cook—the dish washer—is summoned to pick up the cook's yoke and refill the spilt buckets and tramp steadily forward to the line. Sometimes the supply of assistant cooks, even, runs short. But the men in the trenches always get their food.

"That's why so many cooks in the German army have iron crosses dangling from their breasts," said the man who knows. "No braver men ever lived. The man in the trench can duck his head and light his pipe and be relatively safe. No fat cook yoked to two buckets of meal stew over his head can be as safe as he marches down the trench under fire. But he always marches. His men are always fed, and fed on time. The hero of the German campaign is the fat cook of the field kitchen."

Unusual Business Happening.—Through the transfer of a lease recently in New York, what is believed to be the most unusual trinity of business interests in the history of the country has developed. For a hundred years the same family has retained the ownership of the property, which has been occupied in part by the same firm for that length of time, leasing through the same real estate brokerage firm. The property in question is a section of the four-story building at the corner of Front and Fulton streets, which has come down through three generations of the Peter Schermerhorn family. The original lease made to Samuel G. Smith has been renewed from year to year for the past century by the brokerage firm of William Cushman & Sons.

Will Create Precedent.—The first instance in Europe of the use of a submarine cable for the transportation of high voltage electric power current will be in connection with the project for supplying practically all of Denmark with cheap electricity for both light and power, generated by waterpower in Sweden. When completed, power sufficient to provide for an area of 500 square miles will be brought across three high-pressure cables laid under "the sound" at the entrance of the Baltic sea. The electricity is to be generated with power from the Swedish river Lagan, supplemented with the use of low-grade coal.

May Abandon Seal Hunting.—Unless some plan can be devised within a month whereby the skins and oil of the hair seal can be utilized by the British government for war supplies, there is a strong possibility that the seal hunt, which has been an important factor in the commerce of Newfoundland for many years, will be abandoned for the coming season. Because of industrial depression and the war, none of last year's catch of 285,000 has been disposed of, and about half of the great catch of 372,000 skins in 1913 remains in the hands of brokers in London and New York.

Fortunate.—The German scout car had blundered into the midst of a French out-post, and in a hail of rifle bullets was making all speed to get away. Suddenly the man beside the driver put his hand to his shoulder and shivered.

"Why did you shiver, Baron?" said the man at the wheel, too busy with his driving to look around.

"I couldn't help it," was the reply; "a bullet just went through my arm and I thought what would have happened if it had hit a tire."

INDICATIONS OF AN EARLY SPRING

Great Prosperity Ahead for Western Canada.

The most recent advices from all points in Western Canada report that conditions are apparent for an early spring. Farmers are going over the implements, getting their seeders ready for operation, the plows in shape for extended breaking, and there is a general optimism. A great many new settlers have already arrived, and the reports from Canadian Government agents in the United States point to the fact that in a few days there will begin the usual emigration from various of the Central and Western states. From the Eastern states the number of farmers going to Canada will be greater than in any past year.

There has been a fairly large snowfall during the winter, which will greatly add to the precipitation of last fall, which in the opinion of old-timers was in itself sufficient to insure a good crop during the present year.

There will be very little tilled land that will be without a crop this year. The authorities, though, are pleading with the farmers to seed only such land as has had careful preparation, for rich as is the soil of Western Canada, it is no more fitted to produce good crops uncultivated than is that of any other land anywhere else. There have been accounts of failures in some portions of the agricultural districts of Western Canada, and also reports of small yields in some districts. A good deal of this is accounted for from the fact that notwithstanding the advice of men of experience, there are farmers who will persist in seeding land not properly prepared. This may be done this year, but those who cultivate on reasonable and logical methods will be certain of a paying crop. There is every reason to believe that the high prices of all kinds of grain will continue.

With thousands and thousands of acres of land waiting for the husbandman to bring it forth with a crop, it is no wonder that Western Canada is continuing to prove such an inviting field for the agriculturist.

Seventy million dollars is a conservative estimate of orders which came to Canada as the direct result of the war. Governments of the allies have been placing large orders in Canada and buying huge quantities of supplies for cash.

The total value of exports to Europe from Canada has jumped about 15 per cent since the war started, while in certain lines the increases have been enormous.

Therefore the results of the demand of the allies for war and other material is beginning to be felt in the financial life of the Dominion. There is a marked activity in many commercial lines, and conditions are fast becoming normal.

Western Canada is receiving a relative benefit to the East.—Advertisement.

Never Had 'Em.—Old Dick was a plantation dandy. He was rarely sick, and he always claimed it was due to the way he had lived. One day as he was walking down the street a local merchant, taking advantage of his ignorance, accosted him thus:

"Dick, one of your best friends has just told me that you have ancestors of the worst sort."

"Now, look here, Cap'n Gawg, I don't want to hear nobody, but I jes' want to know who dat man was wot told you, an' I also will go after him, 'cause he done some bad 'n' sult me. Me got ancestors? Why, cap'n, that's as big a lie as was ever told. I never had nothin' in my life but the mumps and colic."—National Monthly.

FACE BATHING WITH Cuticura Soap Most Soothing to Sensitive Skins. Trial Free.

Especially when preceded by little touches of Cuticura Ointment to red, rough, itching and pimply surfaces. Nothing better for the skin, scalp, hair and hands than these super-cleansing emollients. Why not look your best as to your hair and skin?

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Basis for a Garden.—"What are you and your little friends doing out there in the backyard, Tommy?"

"We're the allies, ma, an' we're diggin' trenches."

"Well, don't dig the trenches too deep, and I'll ask your father to drop a few seeds in them."

No Information.—"Are the new people neighborly?" "Neighborly? I should say not! Their hired girl is deaf and dumb."

Darwinian.—"I'm looking up my family tree." "What are the monkeys doing?"—Boston Transcript.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU 77 Marine Bldg. Boston, for Book on the War by mail Free. Marine Bldg. Boston, for Book on the War by mail Free.

The only time some people get busy is when they meddle with things that don't concern them.

The Cough is what hurts, but the tickle is to blame. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop the tickle—do at good Druggists.

Ignorance occasionally borrows a coat and poses as wisdom.

If it were not for politics lots of lazy men would starve to death.

Nathin' Doin'.—"Hello, doctor!" exclaimed the lawyer. "How's everything?" "All's well," replied the M. D. sadly.

After all, a marriage license is but another name for a lottery ticket.

As It Seemed to Fitzstop.

"Was you father a pirate?" asked young Fitzstop of the girl of his choice at a clandestine meeting, after the old sea captain had urged his exit from the family mansion on the hill by the use of his pedal extremity.

"No, my darling," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"He seemed to me to be a good deal of a free-booter," said the young man, reflectively.

Very True.—Church—What do you think of this six-cent-a-loaf bread?

Gotham—Well, I don't think it is any better than the five-cent loaf.

Where She Wouldn't.—"That woman can't tell a thing without exaggerating."

"Did you ever ask her age?"

Every woman is a conundrum that keeps some man guessing.

Just Any Kind.

Betty and two of her playmates spent an hour shaking Betty's bank and then rushed to the corner store with the single coin they were able to entice through the slot.

"What's for you, little ones?" asked the storeman.

Throwing the coin on the low glass case, Betty replied with an air of contented indifference:

"Our folks are all rich. Jist give us a cent's worth of any kind of candy."

Quite So.—He—If I were rich do you think you could love me?

She—I don't know about that; but I should have no objection to marrying you.—Boston Evening Transcript.

The Natural Chase.—"How did your wife ever persuade you to learn a fox trot?"

"She hounded me into it."

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Stories Sounded Like Those of Baron Munchausen, But They Were Actual Happenings.

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"Well, I've been with the army and had a very interesting time," said one.

"Ever get really alone with the enemy?" asked another.

"Rather! I once took two of their officers."

"Of course! And the very next day I took eight men!"

"All wounded, I expect," sneered a listener. "You didn't get hurt, did you?"

"Just a slight scratch, that's all. And two days after I took a transport wagon, and followed up that by taking a big gun."

"Sir," said a disagreeable auditor, "I have seen some of the finest specimens of anything you can call to mind, but I wish to state that you are the biggest romancer that ever trod this earth."

"Oh, no, I am not that," replied the hero; "but I am a photographer!"

Then—and Now.—"Squabbling and fighting—there's another very frequent cause of divorce," said Prof. L. Watta Ingersoll, in an address before the Cleveland Antidivorce league.

"A man had been hailed before a Cleveland magistrate for non-support or some such fact."

"But, let me see," the judge said, "aren't you the chap who was married in a cage of wild man-eating tigers and leopards?"

"Yes, your honor, I'm the man," was the reply.

"Exciting, wasn't it?" said the justice.

"Well, your honor," said the man, "it seemed so then. It wouldn't now."

A Militant Man.—"It is easy enough to please women and children," said a business man the other day. "I once owed several thousand dollars and did not have any idea how I should pay the amount, but finally resolving to forget the whole business, I sent down a big box of roses and a wind-up train that ran on a track."

"You have no idea how happy the household was then."

Father Won Out.

Jones' wife wanted to pay an elongated visit to some of her relatives in a distant state, and while Jones had no great desire to kiss her goodbye and do his own dishwashing, he thought it the part of wisdom to treat the matter diplomatically.

"Harry," said the wife one afternoon, speaking of the proposed visit, "won't you be awfully lonely and utterly miserable while I am gone?"

"Oh, no dearie!" promptly answered Harry, with a brightening expression. "I shall manage nicely. There are Smith, Brown, Green—"

"Is that so?" was the quick interjection of wife. "Then I don't go! I don't propose to have my house turned into a poker jubilee!"

Alfalfa PUREST ON EARTH

More than 30 years ago Salzer's Catalog boomed Alfalfa before other seedsmen thought of its value. Today Salzer's "The Great Wonder" Alfalfa strains include Grimm, (Montana Livestock, Agr. College inspected), Salzer's Dakota Registered No. 30—all hardy as oak.

For 10c in Postage.—We gladly mail our Catalog and sample package of Ten Famous Farm Seeds, including packages of Early Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Radish, Onion—furnishing lots and lots of juicy delicious Vegetables during the early Spring and Summer.

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"If then, our schoolgirls' dress is a moral menace now, and we put a censor at it with his shears—oh, my, oh, me!"—Washington Star.

More Like It.—"Aren't you ashamed of yourself," said Mrs. Trubble, "coming home in the condition you did last night—when I had callers, too?"

"Madam," replied her husband, "you do me an injustice. I was as sober as an owl."

"Yes, as a boiled owl, you mean."

What She Would Do.—The Houston school children were learning to speak "Old Ironsides," and one little lass when she came to the line: "Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!" was heard to declaim with deep feeling: "I'd tear her tattered inside out!"—Houston Post.

Consolation.—She—My husband seems to be wandering in his mind. He—Well, he can't stray far.

Man proposes, woman accepts—and the neighbors all say: "I told you so!"

California's Expositions

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Northern Pacific Ry

GARDINER GATEWAY Yellowstone National Park

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MEN'S \$2.50 '3 \$3.50 '4.00 '4.50 '5 '5.50 SHOES
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YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

W. L. Douglas shoes are made of the best domestic and imported leathers, on the latest models, carefully constructed by the most expert last and pattern makers in this country. No other make of equal prices, can compete with W. L. Douglas shoes for style, workmanship and quality. As comfortable, easy walking shoes they are unsurpassed.

The \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes will give as good service as other makes costing \$4.00 to \$5.00. The \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$5.50 shoes compare favorably with other makes costing \$5.00 to \$6.00.

Wherever you live, buy W. L. Douglas shoes. You'll get the price.

CAUTION! When buying W. L. Douglas shoes, look for the NAME AND PLACE stamped on the bottom. Shoes thus stamped are guaranteed their value and protected by the W. L. Douglas Patent. Do not buy shoes stamped on the bottom before they leave the factory. Do not be deceived by some other make claiming to be just as good. You are buying your money and are entitled to the best.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail to W. L. Douglas, 210 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES

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